love him perhaps-ne made known his birth and parentage, that would steel her against him. Yet he loved his early home. All the mannood and courage in him rose in bot repeation against his silence. But to spens was to bee all love, or to lose the none that was growing from it-a hope Las there's broad min three

He stood once more by the mill-stream. How it all came back to him. The sunlit morning when Sir Rave Vibart had first spoken to him about the boat! How much had happened to him since then! One by one the honors which he had received passed through his mind. He had left home a poor unknown boy. Now he held every fair gift of the world in his hand .-The week before he came to King's Clyffe Sir Raye Vibart, having no children, no kindred, had formally made his will, in his favor, and had adopted him as his heir .--He had left him the fine estate of Lulworth, with all the money he had accumulated; he had left him all he had in the world, so that he would be an excellent match for any lady in the land, so far as money went. He remembered that as he stood with the sound of the mill-stream in

He looked across the fields. There in the far-off meadow-they called it the oakmeadow, when he was a child-with his gray head bent and his tall figure drooping, he saw his father busily at work, and his brother Desford helping him. His heart warmed to them; he longed to go to them, to throw his arms around his father's neck, and ery out to him that he loved him, that he was not ashamed of him. But, if he did so, what of his love, what of Lady Lilias? He could not lose her; he would rather have died a hundred deaths. "It is a false position," he said to him-

self. "If I had my life to live over again, I would avoid it. I have a place, amongst the great people of the world; and yet, if my birth and erigin were known, they would decline to associate with me. Lady Lillas would. I remember what she said about former's sone."

Then he saw the whole party returning. He walked with slow steps down the lane, and ouddenly, to his surprise, he saw Lady Lilias talking to a most beautiful girl-a picture of healthy blooming country beauty-with a tall, lithe rounded figure full of supple grace, a shapely head proudly set on grand shoulders, a dark handsome face glowing with health, fresh red lips, teeth whiter than pearls, dark bright eyes, and dusky rippling hair-a girl whose beauty took him by surprise; and, looking at her, he recognised his sister Kate, who, years before, had hung round his neck and begged him to leave home to be made a gentleman. How well be remembered it, and how his heart went out to her! Lady Lilias was talking kindly to her; and Kate held a bunch of sweet honeysuckle in her hand, which had evidently been gathered for her ladyship.

He saw another thing too-the Duke of Raysfort was looking at her with admiring eyes, and Vane trembled with impotent rage. The Duke, while Lady Lilias walked on, stayed behind; he begged some of the honeysuckle; and Kate, with a bright blush and flattered smile dimpling her face, gave it to him. Then -and the sight of it enraged Vane-the Duke laughingly touched the lovely face with his fingers, and Vane knew that he was saying something about the beautiful color of it. At that moment he could have struck the young Duke to the earth. He gave one quick glance around, but could not see his mother. His heart was heavy and sore in spite of the smile with which Lady Lilias greeted him.

"How ill you look, Mr. Vibart!" she said. "I could not imagine why you would not go in with us. Why did you not tell me you were ill?"

His hands trembled and his lips quivered; he was filled with a sense of unworthiness that was gail and wormwood to him. Yet what could be do? "Let us walk on for a few minutes,"

anid Lady Lilius. What a lovely lane this is! I shall sketch that pretty picturesque farm-house some day before I leave King's Clyffe. Look at this beautiful honeysuckle!" She held it out to him, and he, knowing

where it had grown, feit that the touch of the tender, graceful tendrils, was as the touch of hot flame to him. She smiled as she continued.

"I knew it was a model farm-house. Everything in the kitchen was bright and shining, just as you see it in those wonderful Dutch pictures; and the mistress was a clean comely woman, so kind and nice in her manner.'

If she had known, if she had but dreamed that she was his mother! Still smiling, she resumed\_

"You will be sorry too that you missed another treat. I saw the prettiest girl in that farm-bouse that I have ever seen in my life-such a rosy, dimpled, blushing face. She reminded me of a May morning and everthing in the world most sweet. I do not believe you are interested."

The eyes that met hers were so full of pain that Ludy Lilias came to the conclusion that he was suffering deeply, and she said ne more.

The same night the Duke of Raysfort said to Captain Lorme-

"I shall call at the Meadow Farm again. The girl we saw there is the most beautiful I have ever seen."

"Not so beautiful as Lady Lilias," replied the Captain.

"Much more to my taste. I like those dark faces with a rose-bloom. I shall call there again, for the girl's face haunts

### CHAPTER XIV.

A moonlit night-and such a moon! It hung like a clear lamp in the bluesky, and the golden stars surrounded it as courtiers do a queen. The dinner was over at King's Clyffe. Lady Fayne had delighted every one with her magnificent singing. Tempted by the lovely moonlight, many of the guests had gone out into the grounds. Lady Fayne was talking sentimentally to the young Duke; Captain Lorme would have fain done the same thing, but Lady Lilias would not listen .-The moonlight lay like a silver veil over the fair earth, making the night almost as bright and clear as day; the water thrown up from the fountains was like silver; and the tall trees threw graceful shadows on the grass.

During dinner there had been some conversation about the pretty farm-house, and Vane had listened with inexpressible pain. He hated the false colors under which he appeared, yet he could not change matters new. He knew that Sir gaye would be greatly displeased if he did m, as one of the conditions of his adap.

tion had been that he should give up home. Vane felt miserably unhappy, and wished he had never accepted Lord Charnwood's invitation-but then he would not have seen Ludy Lilias, and she was so kind and so gracious to him. He awoke from his reverie to find Lady Lilias was near him. White lilies were in the dead gold of her hair and in her dress of white silk with rich trailing laces, diamonds sparkled on her lovely arms and neck, and a smile was on her face-sweeter, Vane thought, than the face of woman ever wore before.

"What are you thinking about so deeply, Mr. Vibart?" she asked. "I have been watching you for the last five minutes; you look really as though you would never smile again."

As she spoke, she walked slowly from the long French window on to the terrace, and he followed her. He watched her as she drew over her shoulders a wrapper of white cashmere with golden fringe. There in the moonlight her beauty gained fresh radiance, for the light fell full upon her charming face and golden hair. She seemed to expect that he would accompany

"Every one prefers the moonlight," she said. "We are not singular in our taste." In a few minutes they had reached the gardens where the lilies stood in thick clusters and the odorous roses filled the air with perfume.

"You look like the queen of the lilles," said Vane abruptly; "and as for me, Lady Lilias, my reason is going again, my senses are leaving me!"

There was no anger in the fair face. "Remind me, will you, of my folly," he went on-"remind me that you are as far above me as the stars. Send me away with cold and cruel ridicule, send me from you with bitter words, for I love you-ob, Heaven, how I love you-and how utterly in vain!"

But no rebuke was in the sweet proud lips, no scorn was in the beautiful eyes. He saw a warm tremulous flush which rose even to the roots of her hair-he saw a tender wistful smile in her eyes; and he was bewildered.

"Send me away, Lady Lilias, while I have strength to go," he said. "Could any man keep sane while you smile so kindly? I love you. As I stand here I could worship you! The moonlight lies on your golden hair and kisses your beautiful face-ah, happy light! The sweet night wind caresses you and stirs the white lilies you wear, ah, happy wind !-For one touch of your white hands I would die! It is worse than madness, this outpouring; send me away while I have the strength to go!"

But no words came from her tips, which had grown strangely pale.

"You will never forgive me, Lady Lilins, I cannot help it. I love you so well that. standing here under the night skies, I swear to you that for one loving word f your lips I would die-I would die," repeated; and his voice died away in a lo low sob.

Had he gone mad, or was he dreaming? A white hand, on which rare gems succe in the moonlight was laid upon his, and a sweet voice whispered to him-"You need not die."

For one moment his brain recled and he thought he should swoon. She was so near to him that the sweet subtle odor of the lilies she wore reached him-so he or. that her face was close to his.

"I will go to morrow," he said: and his voice was heavy with tears, "You will forgive me-you will bear with my folly. To-morrow I will go, and I will pra-Heaven never to bring me near to you again."

"You need not go," whispered the sweet

She never forgot the cry that came from his lips - a cry of wonder, pain, fear, and love.

"You do not mean to be cruel to meyou mean to be kind and gracious; not your words are sweetest possess. 1 .... not understand how you torther me. She laid her other hand a on his.

"I am not the one who does not in stand," she said shyly and shorter. bent her shapely head meaner to how, face crimson, her eyes around ag treat ... You will not understand?" she interiogated. "I-I dare not!" he cried. "You told

me that it could never be-you sent me away -you left me with my heart crushed, even as you had crushed the meadow-sweet in your hands!" "Listen to me," she said. "I am sorry

that I crushed the meadow-sweet. I wish that I had it in my hands now -Iresn and living." There was a note of passion in her voice,

and he heard it. What could it mean?-He trembled like a leaf in the wind. "If," she continued, "I had the mead-

ow-sweet now, I would not crush it; and, if you said the same words now, I should answer them differently."

He could not believe it, although both of her hands were upon his, and her face was close to him; although she was looking at him with infinite tenderness, and the very light of love was in her face and shining in her eyes, he could not believe

"Do you understand now?" she said gently; and he answered her almost rough-

"If I were to find this a jest, a dream." "It is neither," she replied earnestly .-"Why will you not believe?"

"Because," he cried in a voice shaken with passion, "it is incredible! Because I have never, from the first moment I saw you, had any hope! Because \_\_\_ Oh, Heaven, can it be true?"

"It is true," she whispered; "and you must never call me the proudest girl in England again. I will tell you the truth. I loved you even when I sent you away; but I would not own it even to myself-I would not admit it. I acquired the habit of saying over and over to myself, .It will not do,' until I really grew to believe that it would not do. I found out my mistake after I had sent you away. I found that, though I held as my own almost every good gift, they were almost useless to me because I had not love. I found that I had sent away with you the happiness of my whole life. I should never have sent for you; but Providence has brought you back to me. I have mourned in my heart for you as people mourn for the dead .--

Now do you believe me Vane?" She never forgot the cry of rapturous delight that came from him, nor the sudden joyful radiance that overspread his

face. of believe it-at last?" he cried .-"Tuank Heaven, thank Heaven!" and his whole frame trembled. "Forgive me," he said; you do not know what it is to me. 1 feel as though I were coming from death to life. On, my darling, my love, now shall I thank you?"

He whispered his thanks as he gathered her to him and kiesed the beautiful face that he never dreamed would rest upon als breast. A few memors afterwards,

when his passionate love-words had died away, she said to him-

"You are trembling still, Vane." "I have not realized it yet," he answered. "I have never had any hope Lady

"Are you going to call me .Lady 1. ias,'" she interupted, eafter all rise pretty kind things I have said to to 2 | seems very formal. When paper is posses

with me, he sails me .1.15. ... said Vane. of am trying for alize II, is I cannot: I feel dizest and blinder, a though I had been beening at the sun-Oh, Lily, sweet, can it be true that you

"I do love you," she replied. "Can it be true that you will be my wifern

"Yes, if you ask me," she answered. But, Vane, you have not asked me yet." He drew the beautiful head down upon is breast."

"Will you be my wife, my beloved?" he asked.

The answer contented him. Half an hour afterwards they were still by the lilies in the moonlight, and he was slowly beginning to understand his posi-

"What will Lord Audley say?" he ask-

Lady Lilias laughed. "He will say that I have chosen wisely and well," she replied. "It is an old promise between us that he should give me full liberty on that point. He lived you very much, and I think he will be delighted."

.. What will the world say? Ab, my darling, the world will say you have thrown yourself away!"

"I am content," she replied. "I shall have love and happiness with you. I should have neither away from you."

And in that hour of supreme bliss and triumph he never gave one thought to the one secret of his life. Her love had graced him and placed him by her side. In the warmth of his triumph he forgot that he was keeping one secret from her.

### CHAPTER XV.

"Tell it to me all over again; I cannot believe it. I spent the whole night looking at the moon and the stars, trying to find out whether I was dreaming or happily awake."

Vane was speaking. Lady Lilias had gone to the conservatory, where she went every morning to look at the flowers, and he had followed her. "It is all quite true, and no dream," she

answered. .. Why should it not be true? No man could give me more than you have done, the whole treasure of your love and heart; such a gift must honor any woman. You look as though you had not

"I am so happy," he said, "that I feel as if I could never sleep again."

It was strange that at this the very climax of his life, he forgot, as though it did not exist, the secret of his birth; his be. wilderment of joy was so great that it never occurred to him. He was bound in all honor to tell Lady Lilias this secret: but every thought, feeling, and memory was merged in the one grand passion. He remembered nothing except that she loved "Vane," said Lady Lilias, "I have a lit.

tle sentimental fancy of my own. Will you gratify it?"

"You know that I will," he answered. "I should always like to think of yesterday as the happiest day of our lives; and I think the happiest time of all is when two people love each other and no one knows their secret. Let us keep ours two days longer; then of course you will go to Ulverscrott and see my father. The fact of our engagement should not be mentioned here until we have his sanction." "You are right," he said.

"So we shall keep our secret for two days longer. I go home then, and you may follow me. It will be like having a little fairy land of our own. But," she added laughingly, .if it is to be a secret, you must not look so very fond of me, Vane." "I cannot help it," he said; "my heart

is in my eyes whenever I look at you." "You must not look at me then," she replied, anowing that he could not help that either. "We shall have two perfectly happy days," she added. "We will not talk about the past or the future; we will not mention the words .business' and .marriage;' we will be lotus-exters for the time. Do you agree?"

"I expect that I shall always agree with everything you say, my beautiful queen .-I do not see how it is to be avoided."

They had one long summer day of uninterrupted happiness, a day they never forgot. They spent the greater part of it under a grand old cedar, where Lady Liliss affected to be working diligently at some intricate point-lace, and Vane held a book in his hands, of which he never saw one word. Lord Charnwood alone de. tected that there was something unusual, and wisely held his peace.

"If it be so," he thought, "it will be a splendid match for him, and one of the most beautiful women in England will

marry for love." Not once during that day did Vane think of the Meadow Farm. It was brought to his mind by his Grace of Raysfort. While the ladies were preparing for dinner, the young Duke came to him and asked him, as there was time, to play just one game of billiards with him. Vane consented.

"I cannot think," said his Grace, "what has put you into such high spirits. I wish I could feel the same." "You would if you had the same

cause," laughed Vane. The Duke played wretchedly, and at last cried out-

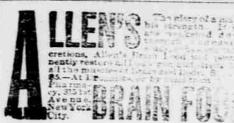
"It is of no use; I am in a bad way! I am haunted by a dark beautiful face I saw yesterday at the old farm-house. I give you my word that at no Court in Europe have I seen a face half so beautiful as hers. What are you looking at me in that way for? Your face is as white as the chalk here. Surely you were not smitten with

"I do not know what you are talking about," replied Vane.

The Duke looked at him in utter wonder when he heard the tone of his voice. "What has come over you, Vibart?" he asked. "You look as though you had seen a ghost. I tell you I have been in a wretened plight since yesterday. Ah, now I remember! You did not go into the house with us. Sensible man! A sudden fancy seized Lady Lilius to have a glass of milk, and we went in for it. I remember nothing but the girl who brought it, and she made me think of the goddens Diana.

I shall go and see her again." Had little Kate, who had prayed Vane so earnestly to leave home and be made a gentleman, grown into such a bennie Winsome girl that this blace' young poor shoold reve about her?

To be continued.



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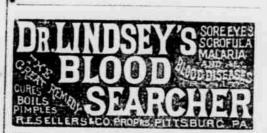
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